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DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST *is;* but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is *not*, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it "first best" of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize. Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks! Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, *and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume.* That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

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THE REIGN OF SEPARATION.

How sad the spectacle of an aged couple tottering together and alone toward the grave! However favorable their circumstances may otherwise be, if they are deprived of the society of children and friends, we still think of them as forsaken, lonely, and objects of commisseration. I recall a beautiful residence—the house large and richly furnished; the grounds finely laid out; the gardens containing several acres, and having the greatest variety of tree, shrub and flower; fountains playing here and there; pretty summer-houses and rustic arbors inviting you to a shady seat at every turn. Yet, beautiful as every thing appeared, my enjoyment was marred by the thought that two persons alone possessed the rich mansion and beautiful grounds; and they, after having reared a large and interesting family of sons and daughters, were now left standing like aged trees with withered branches, destitute of fruit and foliage; business, marriage and death had snatched them all away.

Sadder still is the sight often beheld, of aged persons dependent for daily bread on the toil of their own weak and withered hands, or upon the charity of others; while their natural protectors—those for whose benefit the best part of their life-strength was expended—are far distant from the paternal roof, seeking their own welfare, or perchance are rearing other groups of children, who may soon reward them as they have rewarded their parents.

But saddest of all is the spectacle of children waiting and watching—shall I say praying?—for the death of their parents, that they may enter upon their inheritance, or quarrel over the property. How much better is this than parricide?

Such features of individual ownership, or rather of individual selfishness, trampling under foot, not only every benevolent and altruistic principle, but even the claims of natural affection, are constantly proclaiming, by contrast, how inexpressibly superior to any society founded on individualism is the Brotherhood of Communal Life.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES BY E. T. CRAIG.

XXXI.

Among the members first admitted at Ralahine there were only eighteen efficient laborers. Additional aid was therefore highly requisite, but during the first few weeks no applicants offered themselves as members of the "New System," as they termed the Community. At first the prejudice against the Society was very strong, as it was held to be a sort of "House of Industry." Laborers who were only employed regularly about three months in the year preferred their accustomed poverty to regular employment, plenty of food and clothing, hours of recreation and enjoyment, free from a tyrannical task-master or steward, and the conditions which their prejudices fancied the system would throw over them. One of the families on the estate admitted at first, consisted of a widow and six children. The old woman was haggard and care-worn, and three of her children were under age, and herself only able to look after the poultry. Yet she literally wept on leaving her wretched cabin, which soon tumbled into ruins.

NEW MODE OF RENTAL.

It will be seen that the mode of paying the rent differed from the old and accustomed methods. The prices ruling the Limerick markets in 1830-31 were taken as standard prices during the existence of the Association for the six articles in which rent was paid, and it was felt to be just, and gave satisfaction to both landlord and tenants. If the produce of the farm had increased, or say doubled, temporarily by the effect of an exceptional season, or permanently, by improvements on the part of the members, the Society would have appropriated the difference. In the case of permanent improvements, the landlord would of course have been benefited by an increased value of the property. In either case the increase would have arisen from causes beyond the control and quite independently of the landlord. It would have arisen either from increased industry, care and skill, improved modes of tillage, increase of the acreage under cultivation, or from an unusually favorable action of nature's laws, effecting a greater absorption of the various elements of the earth and atmosphere which go to form plant life. The proprietor would not have supplied this extra industry, these improved methods, or extra forces in nature's laws. To give the increase or double quantity to him would have been unjust. On the other hand, suppose the market price had fallen one-half, under the usual relations between landlord and tenant; the Community must have given double quantities or their equivalents, to make up the £900 for rent and interest. This we conceived would have been inequitable, since the prices of farm produce are often ruled by parties and influences over which the Society could exercise no control. Prices are often governed by gambling speculations among men whose interest it is to cause fluctuations in market values. Prices are also often seriously affected by the state of the currency under false monetary laws, and the purchase, sale and price of bullion in the money market. But these are quite beyond the control of the Society, and independent of the labor, skill, and prudence of the members. To make rental of land vary with the fluctuations of the money market, under an unscientific system of exchange, would be to give undue and very unfair advantages to capital, and to keep the producing classes what they are at present, the mere slaves of toil; their condition being aggravated by the injustice arising out of a false system of exchanges, making the drones richer and the producers poorer.

Under the arrangement made with the proprietor, the Society had the full benefit of the skill, industry and enterprise of its members, and had the advantage of good seasons; while, on the other hand, the landlord reaped the benefit of any advance in market prices which in course of time would result from increased demand. Had the Society neglected the proper cultivation of the land, it would have risked having no surplus to divide among the members, and have been liable to risk the loss of its occupancy.

It may be urged that the plan is not consistent with the recognized rules of political economy. This science is progressive, and when justice and happiness are included in its aims it will embrace many social questions now ignored. What the relations of the landlord, the tenant farmer and the laborer are at present, all the world knows. What the laborer might become in peace, prosperity and happiness Ralahine has demonstrated, under the most adverse circumstances.

Although agriculture has made vast strides, and machinery has given immense facilities for the production of manufactures, the position of the laborer in both England and Ireland is worse physically than it was four or five hundred years ago. When the laborer received a penny a day he could buy a sheep with a week's wages. It would take a month to purchase one in England and a much longer time in Ireland when we began operations. In the middle of last century wages, after many fluctuations, settled down to about a bushel and a-half of wheat. In the middle of the present century a farm laborer could purchase for his eight shillings received for a week's work, only ONE BUSHEL of wheat. In the fourteenth century a week's wages would buy FOUR BUSHELS of wheat.

The arrangements with the landlord at Ralahine were of such a nature as to preclude all anxiety on the part of the members as to prices. The great object was to crop as large a portion of the land as possible, so that the Community might reap the benefit of any excess over and above the fixed quantity of produce agreed to be delivered as and for rent and interest of capital invested and advanced by the proprietor.

The arrangement was considered so fair, and the quantities were so regularly delivered to his agents in Limerick, or the other nearest market, and the cash was paid to his credit so promptly when required, that no cause of dispute ever arose. One or two of the

members thought the bargain somewhat too favorable for the landlord; but to these even, the constant employment and the many social and domestic comforts enjoyed by association in the Community outweighed all objections on that ground.

The landlord admitted that the rent was high. It was very evident, however, that if the land had been the property of the members they would very soon have become very wealthy and prosperous.

THE ERA OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

III.

THE IDEAL.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I am quite aware, Messrs. Editors, that in attempting to formulate the future industrial system—the next era of civilization,—I am laying myself open to a large amount of criticism, perhaps to ridicule, if not to the charge of presumptuous egotism; indeed, I have entered upon the task with considerable trepidation, with a deep consciousness of the inadequacy of my knowledge of the practical details of the great interests involved, and, what is of still more importance, of the scientific principles that underlie the whole subject. I have several times repented of my temerity, and have asked myself whether it would not be better to confine myself to the study of society as it reveals itself to me to-day, to the discovery of the origin of present evils and their exposure, and to the endeavor to promote in other minds an earnest regard for the great social problems that the whole tendency of our present civilization is to dismiss from individual thought and reflection. I have for a long time hesitated what course to pursue, and have waited expectantly and anxiously for some superior man, fully competent for the work, and whose opinion would at once have weight with the public, to present to the world a thoroughly matured and elaborated scheme supported by facts and statistics that are out of my reach, and demonstrated by scientific reasoning, for which I have had no training.

In presenting in these crude letters the ideal of my own mind, almost entirely unassisted and unencumbered by the theories of others, and, thanks to my very ignorance, unintimidated by the failures of past social experiments, I am conscious of no other motive than the desire to offer *a basis of discussion*, and the hope that my propositions will be sufficiently tangible and plausible to elicit interest, arouse criticism, and stimulate others to present better ideals, and in a more lucid and logical form.

The history of civilization has been divided into "epochs," such as,—the "stone period," the "copper period," and latterly, the "iron period;" the present may be called the "steam period"—steam being, beyond all comparison, the most important natural agent that distinguishes our age from the ages of the past. It may also be called the era of Coöperative Labor, as distinguished from Individual Labor. I think that this era will some day be divided into at least two stages or periods; the Era of Steam, or the Era of Coöperative Labor, under (1.) Individual control: (2.) Collective control. The first is approaching its close, the second is about to commence. The control of steam carries with it the control of labor; the control of labor carries with it the control of wealth, the control of land and all the natural agents; since these are indispensable to labor, and therefore the power that controls them controls labor. Accordingly "land," "wealth" and "labor," in so far as they are used coöperatively (in which sense "wealth" is synonymous with "capital"), are collective or social interests, and must be controlled collectively or socially. Hence, Social Democracy; or, in other words,—*Social interests controlled Democratically.*

[Since writing and mailing the foregoing, Mr. Editor, the SOCIALIST of April 11th has come to hand, in which I read with much gratification your allusion to the peculiar difficulty and delicacy of the task I am attempting. The correspondence of your ideas on the subject with those expressed above shows a sympathy of spirit and purpose that is especially pleasant to me, and that is truly catholic and socialistic.]

In resuming the bird's-eye panorama of the future Social State, I must skim rapidly over the ground, touching only at such points and features as are typical or characteristic of the general system. As my limits are so narrow I have also thought it best to confine my description mainly, if not wholly, to the industrial or economic arrangements—which really lie at the foundation of all other social interests.

On the basis of an aggregate population of 100,000,000, we may assume a subdivision of the nation into 100 districts with an average population of 1,000,000 each, and which, as population ought to form the basis of representation, is probably as nearly as possible the absolute number of persons residing in each district. The districts will therefore be (as before intimated) larger or smaller according to the importance or concentration of their respective industries or other natural advantages.

We have taken a glimpse of the National Capital; also of one of the District Capitals; we will now make a somewhat closer investigation of the internal economy of one of these districts, which, however much they may differ from each other in regard to special industries, will be in exact correspondence with each other in social organization, and equal in their influence on national affairs. Before making this closer inspection, however, let us take one more survey from a higher altitude of the *tout ensemble* of the nation.

Imagine yourself in the car of a balloon at such an elevation above the National Capital as will bring the whole of the United States, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, within your horizon, and with such a power of vision that you can distinguish the minutest features of the landscape. Below you is the dome of the National Capital with its radiating Departmental buildings; dotting the landscape with varying intervals between them are the District Capitals, with smaller but similarly constructed buildings; some are surrounded with cotton fields, some with sugar or tobacco or rice plantations—(Will the coming man smoke tobacco?); some with immense grazing lands (large districts these); some with extensive tracts of wheat, corn, oats—(Will the coming man use horses?); some surrounded with vineyards, others with acres upon acres of orchards; some seem almost hidden in somber forests, and here we notice large mills and piles of manufactured lumber; there again are tall brick chimney shafts vomiting black smoke, and a great concentration of dwellings (although we observe that there are nowhere to be seen such large cities as we see to-day—Bray is right about that); near another District Capital is a great railway center—perhaps at the southern end of a large lake; here away on the seaboard, the capital is located in the vicinity of a capacious harbor filled with ships, with ship-yards and docks around it, or at the head of tide-water or some large river, or at the entrance of a river into a great lake.

Now, if we examine closely, we shall see that there is a thorough system of telegraph or telephone communication, (1.) between each of the 100 District Capitals and the National Capital; (2.) between the several District Capitals; (3.) between each of the latter and numerous sub-district or town centers, each having its little cluster of miniature departmental buildings—the number varying according to the number of its industries.

Notice also that between every District Capital and the National Capital, and connecting all the District Capitals, and connecting the latter with their many town-centers, are railways, good highways, and every available means of rapid communication and transportation. You will notice also that every District Capital is a center of production or a center of distribution, and all of them more or less of both; also centers of intelligence and centers of communication; that the town centers are miniature copies of these; that the National Capital combines and coördinates the whole. That altogether it is a complete national organization, admirably illustrated by the cerebral, vascular and other functional systems of our own individual physical organism. Herbert Spencer and Huxley have both of them used this illustration, very forcibly, to explain the organization of society, though somewhat in opposition to each other's theories—Spencer, to describe society as it exists to-day; Huxley to show how *it ought to exist*, and wherein the simile *fails* to-day. [I recommend the Student of social questions to read Huxley's essay on "Administrative Nihilism," short and incomplete as it is. It seems to me that he beats Spencer with his own chosen weapon.]

One more comprehensive glance at our great panorama, and we will return to the individual District from which we made our last excursion to mid-air. Here below us is still the dome of the National Capital—containing the brain of the nation—the great nerve center. Here the most talented, the most efficient, the most esteemed representative men of all our varied industrial and other interests are assembled, not to represent individual or private interests, not to engineer projects for selfish aggrandizement, not to subserve the interests of gigantic corporations or wealthy individuals who have manipulated their elections; not to be flattered or bribed or cajoled or intimidated by the powerful "rings" or "lobbies" of wire-pulling speculators—our railway, mining, manufacturing, financial, and mercantile gamblers—but, free from all such temptations, opportunities or environments, the delegates of the people, their representatives and leaders, and at the same time their servants (whose best interest and highest distinction it is to serve), as well as the directors of the great co-operative business of the nation, in which every participant has a proprietary interest in proportion to the value of his own contribution to the aggregate result. Yes, this is the great nerve-center connected by a ganglion-like arrangement with one hundred other lesser nerve-centers; and these again with the still smaller nerve-centers represented by towns. What an intricate and yet simple organization society can be made when scientifically arranged and centralized, and when unity of interests, *not rivalry of interests*, is the all-pervading principle!

But it would be an abuse of your liberality, Mr. Editor, and perhaps tire the patience of your readers, if I were to transcend still farther the limits of space I have hitherto permitted myself and you have permitted me to monopolize, and still I have not explored the internal economy of a single district. I expected to do this in the present article, and proposed to reserve till a future opportunity my explanation of the closer relations of the individual citizen to the system, the management of labor in the detail, the distribution of results, the manner of meeting public or social expenses, the classification of labor and wages, the methods of promotion and of electing directors of labor and other officials, the place of money in the system, the harmonizing of self-interests with public interests and of coöperation with competition, the line of demarcation between social and individual functions, the subjects of education, religion, domestic life, private property, insurance, and many other points of interest that must be stated to give a complete ideal of Social Democracy.

What shall I do about it? Shall I stop at this point in my portrayal of the system and proceed to show "the possible and probable methods of transmission," which it is arranged shall be the topic of my next article? or shall I proceed with the "Ideal" through one more article? I am in your hands. W. G. H. SMART.

NOTE.—For the term "*Minister*," as applied to the heads of Departments in my second article on "The Era of Social Democracy," please substitute the word "*Director*," and read—"Director of Agriculture," "Director of Mines," etc.—W. G. H. S.

"SHIP AHOY!"

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Mr. Bray having admitted the foundations of my criticism, I have little more to say, and shall require but little space to say it in; but his method of avoiding the difficulties I tried to point out does seem to call for a brief examination. High wages, he thinks, would prove a sovereign remedy and enable the needy to obtain possession of our entire surplus of cloth, grain, etc., which is but a preliminary to its easy consumption. I have scratched my head (metaphorically) over this solution until the scalp has been completely flayed. But at every attempt to grasp its substance it has proved elusive.

A party of associates (so the story goes) were playing at the game of asking each other questions, one condition of which was that the one asking a question he could not answer should pay a fine. The Irishman of the company was asked to explain how a certain animal could dig its burrow without a deposit of dirt at the entrance. This was thought to be a stunner, but he very promptly informed them that it commenced operations at the other end. In an unguarded moment a member indiscreetly raised the query as to how it got there, "Faith, and that's a question of your own asking," was the reply, and as he could not answer it he was adjudged to pay the forfeit. While reading I was eager to inquire where the high wages are to come from, but a wholesome fear of the appropriate response, "That is a question of your own asking," restrained me.

Seriously, the source whence those high wages are to come I frankly own to be beyond my ken. To expect them as a consequence of increasing the products of industry beyond the needs or demands of the people, is so complete a reversal of human experience as to seem to me Utopian. If the manufacturer is unable to realize a profit on the goods alerady manufactured, though produced by the cheapest labor that competition among laborers could give him, how can the laborers themselves expect to realize a profit on an increased quantity of products, the result of dear labor? For high wages mean dear labor, if they mean any thing that I can un-

derstand, and the result of the operation, profitableness or the reverse, is the same whether the employing power shall lie in the laborers themselves or in a single individual.

I know of no other source of wage-remuneration than the sale of products. The monied class is as able now as it ever will be to buy more largely, but as it does not do so it is fair to presume that it has all it desires; and if it can not be induced to add to its stores at present ruinous prices, how can we expect to increase its purchases by the simple expedient of making the products the result of dear labor? The only class left to supply a market for the products of the workers is the workers themselves, and I presume Mr. Bray has heard the story, apocryphal though it be, of the two brothers who went to the hay-mow one rainy day and made themselves rich by trading jack-knives.

Of course, as will readily be seen, I have been treating this subject from the stand-point of competition, as that is to be as indispensable a feature of the new order as of the old. Whenever the SOCIALIST has suggested a change in this respect, it has been promptly reminded that this is simply a revised play of Hamlet, and to have such an one with Hamlet omitted is not to be thought of. Whether new wine can be put into old bottles without bursting them may be a proper subject of dispute, but I believe it is a generally discarded theory.

This project truly is "in its entirety immense;" altogether too immense for any man or body of men in the present state of society to handle. The pleasant fiction that this "movement is the town-meeting applied to property, production, distribution and the employment of labor," will vanish, I think, on a little serious reflection. It is to be a strictly national affair, and this nation got far past the town-meeting stage more than a century ago. The idea of forty millions of people, more or less, acting in town-meeting capacity, must be discarded. The great acts which are to start the furnace fires, set the spindles in motion and send the contents of overburdened warehouses flying hither and thither, are to be demanded at the hands of Congress—the same kind of a Congress which has been trying for months to find out whether the town-meetings elected Mr. Hayes or Mr. Tilden President.

It is possible we shall be told that the people will take the matter into their own hands and send honest men to represent them. Don't they do this now? and if not, why? If some one will explain why the masses will be able to see farther into a millstone when the Social Labor Reform politician comes along and blandly waves his sheep pelt before their trusting vision, than they can when the more vulgar one of to-day does the same thing, he will add appreciably to the sum of human knowledge.

The SOCIALIST is right. Enlargement of the powers of Congress will add temptations to peculation and knavery. Place entire control of man's labor movements in the hands of Congress, with competition enthroned and crowned anew, and Washington would become little else than a hot-bed of political scheming. It is not my wish to discourage any genuine reform so much needed as this, but I believe, with the SOCIALIST, that all true reforms are of the mustard-seed character, and do not have their birth, Minerva-like, full grown and panoplied. O. A. ALEXANDER.

Mt. Pulaski, Ill., April 9, 1878.

WHAT BROKE DOWN THE WOODHULL PAPER?

A LETTER FROM COL. BLOOD.

EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—My attention has been just called to an article published in the SOCIALIST last July. It is never too late to correct errors; so I now desire to correct those into which T. C. Leland fell, in the following statements of that article:

"You have expressed the opinion that Andrews (Stephen Pearl) broke down the Woodhull paper. On the contrary, it so happens that the period of prosperity of that paper, if it ever had any such period, was while Andrews was an editorial contributor to it."

That Mr. Andrews did not break down the Woodhull paper is evident, because he had had no connection with it for nearly four years before its publication ceased. The connection that he did have could scarcely be called that of an editorial contributor, since his articles were always over his own signature, and he in no way molded the policy of the paper. His articles, "The paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer" and that in which he contrasted Mrs. Andrews with the Virgin Mary of the Bible to the disparagement of the latter, brought down a hurricane. Had such articles been continued, the paper would probably have soon discontinued, had its existence at that time depended upon its income, which happily it did not. So while in point of fact this portion of the statement is true, it does not follow that a longer publication of his writings would not have caused a much earlier suspension. But this ought not to necessarily disparage his articles. It means that the people who supported the paper as the organ of the special mission of Mrs. Woodhull would not tolerate the views of Mr. Andrews.

The idea, therefore, that was evidently intended to be conveyed by Mr. L., that it was Mr. A.'s connection with the paper that gave it prosperity "if it ever had any" is preposterous, since that connection ceased years before the period in which it was really prosperous. I cannot conceive how Mr. L. could have assumed to speak so definitely of a matter of which he could have had no possible means of information. I had every possible means of information, and I write what I know to be true, and what the books will bear me out in saying, that the most prosperous period of the paper was in 1873–74, two years after Mr. A.'s connection with it ceased.

"He dissolved his connection with the paper in 1872, and wrote no more for it, except the famous Beecher *exposé*, and wrote that only at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Woodhull."

There has been a great deal published about the authorship of the Beecher-Tilton Scandal article; but the real truth has never yet been told. From the above statement of Mr. L., it is to be inferred that Mr. Andrews was the author. Now this is not true of Mr. A. any more than it would be true of two other persons. The real author of an article is he or she who furnishes the fact part of, or the general principles involved in, it. It cannot be said, truly, that Mr. A. did either of these. The article was taken to him containing all the facts and essential principles involved. He added, perhaps, a more artistic dressing to the principles in some parts of it, and gave them a more elaborate and far-reaching application—added just that part which caused the press almost universally to denounce the *exposé* and defend Mr. Beecher. It was admitted on all sides that the statement of the *facts* carried conviction of their truth; but the press could not take such a position without *seeming* to approve the principles by which the facts were made, by Mr. Andrews, to appear to have been perfectly proper for the parties as believers in, and practicers of, the doctrines of Social Freedom. What might have been the result, had the article gone out as prepared by Mrs. Woodhull, lacking the broad application of the principles given by Mr. A., cannot, of course, be known. But this much is evident: that had it so gone out, it would not have contained a line upon which Comstock could have based a pretext to seize upon and suppress the paper and imprison its editors for obscenity, and Mr. Beecher would have been obliged to proceed for libel to stop the circulation, or else have permitted it to go on with impunity until the demand was satisfied, which promised to reach to millions of copies of the paper containing the *exposé*. So here again it is impossible to tell what might have been the result to the paper, had Mr. Andrews had nothing to do with the Beecher *exposé*. However, articles written for papers, although often almost wholly rewritten by the editor, are never claimed by him to be his articles; and in just such a sense as this, Mr. Andrews was not the author of that *exposé*, and I could *never* understand why he has permitted such claims to be made for him without correcting them.

"Her paper broke down through its own inanity after the great Beecher card was played."

In this there seems to be malice added to untruth. As stated above, the most prosperous period of the paper was in 1873–74—the two years following the *exposé*. It was never edited with more vigor and strength than in that period. It was the trenchant power and self-reliant boldness with which the persecutions were treated that caused their movers to hesitate to push on to the end they had at first determined on; that ultimately broke them down and enabled the defendants to get justice in the courts. And this is what T. C. Leland denominates "inanity." But aside from the criticism that word implies, the statement is untrue. There was no *single* cause for the suspension of the paper. Several things combined brought it about. The first severe blow was the publication of the Moses Hull experience; and another was the advocacy of the ultimate religious idea of immortality in the flesh. The former reduced the daily receipts from subscriptions over $200 at once and lost the paper 5,000 subscribers; and the latter lost it about as many more. Those who were the most clamorous for a free paper, those who would make the most fuss if their own peculiar notions were not published, were the first ones to withdraw their support when any real use was made of freedom, that clashed with their own ideas. The choice for the editors was between ultimate suspension and a muzzled paper. They chose the former, and will some time be justified in having done it. No one was ever denied a hearing in the paper on account of the principles of the articles. Where now in the country is there a paper of which the same can be said? I have searched diligently but unsuccessfully to find one, and I know many others who have done the same.

"Besides it was financially mismanaged. The concern paid nothing that they (it) could avoid, and squandered the income on big rents and high living, and never advertised the paper at all."

Here is more evidence of seeming malice. The statement would be malicions even if it were true, but aside from the mere opinion of one who had no facts upon which to form a judgment as to its management, it is utterly devoid of truth. Those who had *some* means of judging say that the only wonder is that the paper was kept up so long as it was; and that under any other policy than that pursued by its managers, it must have succumbed to the pressures that were brought to bear against it long before it did. A paper, published in a cellar by people living in an attic, could never have secured the support or made the impression on the world that the Woodhull paper secured and made. It was by just that of which Mr. L. complains, that the paper obtained and wielded the power it had and did the good it did; and largely by these means, it was the best advertised paper in the world. But thousands of dollars were spent in advertising by direct methods. Pamphlets and circulars were published and distributed broadcast, without regard to cost, and the paper itself, during the first years of its existence, was put, free, into the hands of every body who could be found to read it. Mrs. W.'s wide notoriety and success as a lecturer also helped to advertise and keep it up; and yet, notwithstanding all this, T. C. L. has the effrontery to say that the paper was never advertised at all! Does he know of what advertising consists? or did he write that statement deliberately to do all he could to prevent its resurrection ever being possible? It is true that they paid "big rents," but that they were paid out of the income of the paper, as T. C. L. declares, is false. Not a dollar was ever drawn from the paper either for the "big rents" or the "high living." On the contrary, thousands of dollars gained by the position secured in business circles by those expenditures, were used in the paper. But when the advocacy of the unpopular doctrines by the paper made it impossible for them longer to maintain the "big rents" and the "high living," they abandoned them and all their former splendor, and strained every nerve to the breaking point to sustain the cause and the paper by the common methods. They had an elegant home, elegantly furnished; it was sacrificed. They had diamonds and jewelry; they were sold, and the proceeds of all put into the paper. Mrs. Woodhull's receipts from her lectures were large; all was devoted to the same purpose; and, finally, they came to living in their office to avoid paying any rent at all, and to eating what they could there pick up, to save the expense of meals elsewhere; and for months slept on the floor of that office—all, all, to keep the paper running, as was hoped, until a reäction should occur, and their sacrifices be appreciated by those who were the professed friends of the principles for which they did all this. Never was there greater devotion shown or sacrifices made for any cause than were made and shown by the proprietors of the Woodhull paper, T. C. Leland and all others like him to the contrary notwithstanding; nor was there ever a "concern" more ready and willing to pay all debts, or one that did so pay, where payment was possible, than was this one against whom he casts this imputation. It would be dificult for him to find a failing firm, doing the business this one did, owing fewer or smaller debts than it now owes.

But it is to be hoped that the efforts of T. C. Leland and others, animated by like sentiments with him, will not have the desired effect upon the friends of the Woodhull paper, and that "in spite of all," when the reäction comes, as come it surely will, it may again send forth its freedom-laden banners to the breeze, with all the new and important truths that its proprietors have been gestating during its present sleep. I say this is to be hoped for, and I hope for it; but I have no means of knowing what are the intentions of Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin in the premises. I think I know, however, that those who have prophesied that their work is ended, have made a mistake that they will regret before many years, perhaps before many months, shall pass.

J. H. BLOOD.

New York City, April 12, 1878.

The Janissaries of Light is the name of a new Coöperative organization in California. "Its general purpose," says a correspondent of the *Graphic*, "it holds in common with the Sovereigns of Industry, Grangers, and other Coöperative associations, establishing Coöperative stores wherever a temple or lodge exists, providing for sick and disabled members and for the families of members bereft by death, by assessments levied on each member of sums not exceeding one dollar, but usually ranging from fifteen to twenty-five cents. There is already a flourishing store here (San Francisco) as well as in other cities in the State; a foundry, and other enterprises of a similar character yet in process of formation. There is a school-fund for the education of the young Janissaries, and provision is made whereby the order maintains a regular bureau for those out of employment, and an intelligence office for others seeking information of any character in any part of the world where the order exists."

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1878.

We give place to a long letter from Col. Blood on the history of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*—the paper which commenced the expose of Rev. H. W. Beecher some years ago. We still adhere to the opinion that S. P. Andrews sunk that paper by his agency in that attack, and we think Col. Blood's statements support that opinion—as they certainly show that Andrews's general influence on the paper was disastrous. It is a curious coïncidence that this rehearsal comes just at a time when we are being startled by a confession from Mrs. Tilton. What are we coming to? Are those old ghosts of the great scandal to be resurrected?

A tardy contribution to our "Poverty" series appears this week. Though late, we think it sustains the interest. This "Story" reminds one how much we need a cozy shelter as well as food for comfort. *Cold*, rather than hungry, is the bitter memory of Mrs. R. Cold indeed—a cold marriage-lot in every sense.

Mr. Craig, in his Social Reminiscences, has reached, it will be noticed, the very interesting Society conducted under his personal superintendence on the Ralahine estate in Ireland. The Rev. Jesse H. Jones, in reviewing in our last volume a work descriptive of this Society said: "Ralahine was one of the most remarkable social experiments that was ever undertaken, so far as I am aware, among the English-speaking peoples, and contained an extraordinary amount of theoretic truths accurately and skillfully applied.....No experiment of which I have ever read has given me more heart and hope for the final success of Coöperation than this. The perfect balance between the individual, the family and the general society, which would have been reached had the experiment been carried through to its natural culmination, appears to me so clear, that I feel as assured that it will come as if it had come." The fact that Mr. Craig was connected with the experiment from first to last, and was the architect of its success, should add much to the interest of his narrative.

THINGS PROVED.

Whatever may be the future of existing Communities, their past is at least secure. Should they cease to exist next week or next year, they would still have accomplished much; their history would still profoundly effect the thought and experience of mankind and would forever stimulate efforts to realize perfect social harmony. They have made it impossible henceforth to say that the pentecostal exhibition of Communism was only rendered successful by special conditions which may never again exist. They have proved that those conditions, or equivalent ones, are within reach of all who seek them with the requisite earnestness. They have proved that the individual holding of property is not essential to the production of an enterprising, intelligent, happy society.

Had these Communities had a short-lived career, it would have been assumed that their disruption was the most natural thing about them, and that they had made no valuable contribution to the great Social problem. But the Shakers have lived in Community over ninety years, the Harmonists over seventy years, the Inspirationists, the Perfectionists, and the Aurora-Bethelites more than thirty years—certainly long enough to demonstrate the feasibility of sucessful Communism.

Say, if you please, that these Communists are fanatics—have peculiar doctrines and customs; if all this be admitted, it only proves that their success would have been more complete if they had had fewer vagaries. Is it supposable that fanatics can succeed better than other people in solving the question of Social harmony? Or that the world will admit that what has been once done by the foolish can not be done a thousand times by the wise? No; the ocean has been traversed, the new Social World descried, its outlying islands touched; and the enterprising and brave will repeat again and again the voyage; better vessels will be constructed; better propelling forces discovered; the pathway will be carefully surveyed and mapped; every danger and peril pointed out; and so the journey will be made easier and safer, until all can freely chose for themselves whether they will live in the old world of selfishness or in the new world of Communism.

THE NEW POPE.

Leo XIII. has a noble and handsome face, and is said to be a man of great purity, independence and force of character. As a Cardinal he was known to belong to the Liberal rather than the Ultramontane party. His election had a suddenness that was electric and suggestive of inspiration. His motto as Pope is, "Light from Heaven." As the head of the great Roman Catholic fraternity, which has its representatives in all countries of the globe, and numbers some 200,000,000 people, the influence he will wield will be vast and far-reaching. How will it be used? The days call for a new and nobler Papacy, a larger and more liberal Catholicity. The Catholic is one of the grandest organizations the world has seen. It has held within its bosom some of the noblest and sweetest souls. Cruel things have been done in its name and to serve its interests. But cruelty and persecution, in one form or another, have stained the escutcheons of nearly all the so-called Christian Churches, Greek and Protestant as well as Roman. But generations pass, and change and progress are the order of the ages. Conversion and change of heart under the power of interior influences are the law of individual life. They may also be the law of national life and of mighty and world-reaching organizations like the Catholic Church. Certainly it is desirable that this great organization, so full of possibilities for good and for blessing to all its adherents, should place itself in sympathy with all the genuine progress, liberality, and inspirations of the age. That such a great work could be done at once or done by a single Pope can not be hoped. But it could begin at once, and a single Pope can begin it. Perhaps Leo XIII. is now beginning it. Such news from Rome as the correspondent of the London *Times* gives in the following paragraph is not often read:

"Pius IX. had been a Pope King; he had fought for his earthly throne, and though succumbing in the contest, he had neither abated his pretensions nor relinquished his hopes of a reversal of his fortunes. Leo XIII. accepts his position; he utters no complaints; avoids every allusion to his claims. There is nothing political in his utterances, nothing kingly in his attitude; he is laying aside his courtly splendor, reducing his household expenditure, dismissing his military establishment—in one word, sinking the mock sovereign into the true Pontiff. Pius IX. reigned, but never ruled. He was the passive instrument, the mere mouthpiece of ultramontanes and Jesuits; and he had, however reluctantly, however rebelliously, to withstand the promptings and to heed the warnings and biddings of the designing and overbearing potentates who had rebuilt and propped up his throne. The last Pope-King was a slave of Austria or France long before he proclaimed himself the prisoner of Italy. His successor belongs to himself alone. He brooks no advisers, asks and expects no human aid. He has a will of his own, and follows no other. He writes his own encyclicals, he meditates his own speeches, communes with no man, seeks no man's sympathy, manages his own business, sees to every thing himself, and suffers no attempt at other men's interference. He has no worldly policy; his reign is not of this world; his trust is not in princes; his Gendarmes and Swiss Guards are only an encumbrance and a vexation to him; he has faith in his priestly office—in his office as guardian of God's truth and herald of God's word. There is nothing more remarkable, nothing more new, in the annals of the Papacy than Pope Leo's recent address to the deputations from the French universities. He bids Christians fight unbelief with its own weapons; to meet the sophism of man's science with the sounder arguments of God's knowledge; he will set Aaron's rod against the rods of the magicians. Spread true light among the people; combat error by dispelling ignorance; win the masses over to the eternal, unchangeable truth; base morality on heaven's law; bid God's kingdom come; make God's will the people's will; and what king or parliament, asks the Pope, will stand against it? What array of civil authority or of military power will avail against the unarmed authority, the unassuming, yet irresistible ascendency of the Church?"

This looks as though the Papacy had had a new conversion. The Church which has had a Fenelon and a Madame Guyon, a Xavier, an à Kempis, a Tauler and thousands of others of the best and bravest soldiers of truth and brotherhood, may yet throw off the obstructions which bind her, and come up into the van of progress. As Socialists we feel as friendly to her as to any of the great church organizations; and Socialism may yet receive more help from her than from any of the others. She has perhaps preserved more of the Socialistic features of Primitive Christianity than any of the other churches. T. L. P.

"FALLING IN LOVE."

In a late No. of the *Saturday Review* we find an article under the above title which treats the subject in a more than ordinarily sensible manner. The business of love is usually considered in one of two ways: the sentimental, or rose-water-novelistic style, treating it as an uncontrollable passion which can not be tamed or made amenable to reason, or the cynical, old-bachelor style, which condemns the whole thing as mere romantic nonsense. Neither of these is right. Love is a good and even divine afflatus; but we insist that in its conduct and management good plain common sense is just as necessary as in raising potatoes or manufacturing hardware.

The article to which we have alluded looks in this direction, and tends to divest the subject of some of its ultra-romantic environments; and hence, so far as it goes, does service to the cause of good sense. For example, the wonderful conception which all ardent lovers are apt to have, that Providence has, by some mysterious arrangement, destined each for the other is disposed of in this manner:

"It is not too much to say, perhaps, that most people fall in love at a given time because of special conditions of the moment. If A had not presented himself or herself as an object for the impulse, B or C would probably have sufficed. This way of looking at the matter will no doubt appear shocking to the romantic mind, yet the idea seems to have a firm substratum of facts."

There is no doubt whatever of the truth of this. When a person has arrived at the period where it is necessary for him or for her to love somebody, it is merely a matter of selection on whom the choice falls. This process is not always clear to the subject; a thousand things may divert the attention from one object to another, and a young and inexperienced person, absorbed by the passion, is not likely to analyze its inception and growth with much minuteness. Experience and observation all teach us, however, that, given the heart predisposed to love, it will select any one out of perhaps a hundred objects, the choice being determined by a combination of circumstances which bring about a greater amount of contact and personal familiarity with some one individual than with the other ninety-nine.

The leading thought in the following paragraph, that falling in love will be a less violent and more deliberate process in proportion to the increase of culture in society, is undeniably true:

"It would be interesting to know what part the process of falling in love is destined to play in the future history of mankind. A review of the past development of the custom, from primitive times to our own enlightened age, suggests the reflection that it has tended to become a slower and more conscious operation. It is not many people who now tumble suddenly and recklessly into this condition of mind. Culture seems to have the effect of transforming the process of falling into one of sliding. To refer to a somewhat analogous mental experience, culture seems to make less frequent both sudden forms of falling in love and sudden conversions. And this change is plainly due in a large measure to a growth of volitional force. All falling in love is of course the direct effect of an involuntary and emotional impulse; yet a negative act of will may perhaps be said to be involved in the non-repression of this impulse. As people advance in intellect and character, the ascendency of the will increases, and the amatory sentiment is only allowed to attach itself to an object very slowly and after the fullest critical investigation. It is not necessary to adopt the ultra-prosaic supposition that sexual selection will ever become a purely voluntary action. It is commonly said that more and more persons now marry for definite objects, such as wealth, social position or domestic adornments; yet the normal mode of selection is still held to include the play of an instinctive emotion as well. What the higher culture seems to do, over and above strengthening the controlling power of will, is to make this emotion more reflective and self-conscious. People learn to understand more clearly their own feelings and tastes, and to know better beforehand what kind of object is likely to satisfy them. The emotional impulse now shows itself as a conscious wish to possess an object of a certain definite character. Still the actual conception of a strong affection is a process that goes outside the will, though the will may be said to approve of it in a new sense when its result is recognized as agreeing with a preëxisting wish and desire. We hardly think, then, that there is ground for the cynical prediction that falling in love is rapidly becoming an obso-

lete custom. The experience will probably grow much less violent and catastrophic in its character by being brought into closer relation to the intellectual and volitional parts of the mind. And the same influences which bring about this effect will no doubt tend to tone down people's rapturous faith in the occult and transcendent nature of the process."

We agree with this in the main, excepting, however, to the admission that *falling* in love is likely to be a permanent custom, and more or less beyond the control of the will. We believe that any manifestation of the affections which may appropriately be termed falling in love, will at some time in the future be looked upon as sheer childishness—as much so as the crying of an infant for a toy in a shop window. We believe, furthermore, that the whole domain of love is capable of being absolutely controlled by the will and the judgment; that it is possible for a person to become so enlightened, so well educated, if we may use the phrase, as to love only where it is wisest and best for him to love, and to reject and discard all appeals to his passions which will not stand the test of sound reason. We believe it is possible for one who has become infatuated in a bad way, to shake off the fever, and become a man again. We have no doubt that the fully developed man of the future will do all this and more.

The truth is, we have allowed the impulses of young, immature men and women to govern us in this matter of love, and to dictate the principles by which it is regulated. This is exactly the reverse of what it should be. In all the ordinary transactions of life, it is the mature men that rule. We do not have our laws made for us by beardless boys, or young men just graduated from college or seminary. This is not the way in which railroads are built, stock companies formed, manufacturing and mercantile interests controlled. Such transactions are regulated by men of years, and the wisdom that comes of experience. But we allow this whole business of love, which is the most important of all, to fall into the hands of maidens of sweet sixteen, and youth of a few more years, but with scarcely more wisdom. The result is what might be expected. Youth is a season of impulse; and love, which is considered the especial function of youth, is only a succession of impulses, mostly blind, and often disastrous. We hold that the conduct of love between the sexes should be under the supervision of the best wisdom within our reach; that the whole theory of love should be reconstructed, and brought under the dominion of reason and conscience; that it should no longer be left a matter of unreasoning passion between immature youth of opposite sex, but should be studied by thoughtful persons, who have felt its emotions, and have obtained the mastery over their own passions. This is the wisdom we apply to trade, to mechanics, to government, and in fact, to all the important interests of life, except love, which is of more consequence than all the rest, for upon it depends not only the existence, but the future character of the human race.

A SPIRITUALISTIC NOVEL.

SPIRITE: From the French of Theophile Gautier.

Old-fashioned apparitions are out of style with romance writers; in fact, we find little of the supernatural in to-day's novel, though Spiritualism has its scientific votaries. But here, from a French author, is a work inspired by modern spiritualistic phenomena. M. Gautier is a dexterous story-teller, and in his own country is considered one of its cleverest second-rate novelists. He is familiar with the doctrines of Swedenborg, and finds in the works of the "*Philosopher of Christianity*" the theory of the affinity of souls, a marriage between two persons which is to last through all eternity. Here is good material for a novel, and hence this mystic doctrine, so bewitching to the infatuated lover, is vigorously taught in "Spirite."

We find nothing in the hero of this fantasy, Guy de Malivert, that is strikingly original. He is a young man of wealth, and holds a high position in the social circles of Paris, has a fine person, and is an author of some repute. Visiting his sister at the school of the Convent des Oiseaux he quite unconsciously inspires in the tender breast of a noble young girl, Lavinia D'Aufideni, a love of strange intensity. This passion deepens as time rolls on, and Lavinia makes her *début* in society, often meeting Malivert, but by a fatality always unobserved by him. At last, after many disappointments she hears he is to marry a lovely Countess. Crushed, but faithful to her heart's love, she enters a convent and shortly dies. Death reveals to her the certainty that Guy's heart is free, and that his is the predestined soul which linked to hers is to make an angel of light. Receiving Divine permission, she descends from the realms of beatitude and makes herself known to him. At his first vision of the shadow he calls Spirite he is overwhelmed with a love eternity can never satiate. Subsequently, when Spirite communicates to him her history and allows him frequent visions of her divine form, in despairing passion he attempts to join her by laying violent hands upon his life. In terror Spirite stops him and gives him fearful warning of the consequences of such an act. Reconciled finally to Fate, he makes a journey to Greece accompanied by his ærial love. Delightful event! He is here murdered by brigands. Spirite bears away his soul, and "they hover around one another in radiant, celestial joy, caressing each other with their wings and playing with heavenly mirth." Our last glimpse of them is through the perception of a Swedenborgian initiate, Baron de Feroe. He sees them draw "nearer and nearer one another, and like two drops of dew on the same petal of a lily, end by mingling into a single pearl."

Here is a plot giving abundant scope for wild flights of the imagination. M. Gautier makes good use of his opportunities and accords us peeps into his ideal heaven that are certainly entertaining.

Now and then we are convinced that he recognizes the good influences spirits may exert over mortals, but never that evil controls are possible. There are no dark corners in the future of his fancy.

In arguing for a love that is nothing but personal idolatry, though it exist between a mortal and a spirit, he descends to the level of the common sentimental novel. That this love should lead the hero to contemplate suicide, is inexcusable. If there is to be any communication between mortal and spirit, of a healthy nature, it must be such as will strengthen a man's courage, fill him with greater zeal for work and improvement in his present sphere, and not make him go whining and pining around because he isn't in the "Summer Land."

CEREBRUM ABDOMINALE.

IV.

The *blush* is highly emotional. We trace it in our consciousness not to the brain but to the solar-plexus. The agitation which it reflects is not so much in the mind as in the heart. The blood-beat is quickened no doubt, but what we are most conscious of is a flutter in the pit of the stomach. There is a physiological basis for this consciousness. The blush is a phenomenon of the sympathetic system. This system has a peculiar power over the blood-vessels to alter their size, and it is by the expansion of these vessels that the face is suddenly suffused with rose. We swing around the circle thus: The shifting colors of the face express emotion; emotion has its seat in the heart; the heart is visibly represented by the solar-plexus; the solar-plexus is the center of a system of nerves which have the power to alter the diameter of the blood vessels, and the dilation and contraction of these vessels make the shifting colors of the face. The pallor of fright is the effect of a sudden contraction of these vessels. So by the medium of sympathetic nerves the cheeks are mantled with scarlet or the face becomes "white as a sheet," just as the sensibilities at the pit of the stomach may happen to be touched.

What do blushes serve but beauty? We do not know. The blushes of innocence are ineffable. Nothing is more charming in nature than the blush of modesty and the blush of speechless love. The blush of sheer bashfulness is exquisite. The blush of shame even bespeaks our favor, for it is a sign from the heart that it is not wholly hardened, nay, that it is ingenuous still. This is the idea of the poet in the line,

"To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;"

a thoroughly hardened heart makes a "brazen face," that is an *unblushing* face. And now what happens in the solar-plexus or somewhere in the sympathetic system to destroy the power of blushing? Is a nerve seared as we say of a dead conscience? Is there a physical induration? or is the injury more deep and impalpable?

A sympathetic nerve controls the dilation and contraction of the pupil. What does this signify but that the solar-plexus is the fountain of *expression in the eye?* The heart and the eye are closely related psychologically, and here is a physiological correspondence. There is a straight line of telegraph from the solar-plexus to the eye, and the possible variations in the size of the pupil make a cipher by which the heart speaks. This little motion in the eye, almost microscopic, is transcendent in power. The witchery of the eye is imperious over every thing. All the grand motor-nerves of the cerebro-spinal are obedient to its sway.

A little more of this discursive physiology. The cerebro-spinal system of nerves is adapted to bring us into relation with the *external world.* It presides, as we have said, over the senses and voluntary movements of the body, by which we have power to change our position and place, and take cognizance of sights and sounds and odors and tastes and objects of touch outside of ourselves. It enables us to find our food and take it in, to breathe the air without, etc., etc. Now religion teaches us that there is an internal world, and the consciousness of humanity has found a door to that world again and again through the sympathetic center; but we do not press that antithesis now. We only mention in contrast that the sympathetic system controls the interior phenomena of natural life—the deep, hidden processes of growth, nutrition, reproduction, etc., and this central character is enough to give it precedence. Science as well as religion points *in* to the seat of power. The more central and obscure the more mighty the agency. The conspicuous is the female in all dualities. It is an interesting fact that the nicer movements of the senses even are regulated or modified by sympathetic nerves. The three organs of special sense in the head, the eye, the ear and nose, are provided with two sets of muscles, one superficial and the other deep; the superficial are animated by the facial nerve belonging to the cerebro-spinal system, but the interior set by filaments of a sympathetic ganglion. The eyelids, for instance, are opened and closed by the first set of muscles, but the correct focusing of the light is secured by the second, and of course by a sympathetic nerve. There are other contrasting qualities in the two kinds of nerves, which indicate the masculine temper of the sympathetic. The cerebro-spinal are irascible, and their action is quick, impulsive, spasmodic. The sympathetic are almost insensible to irritation, and they act with steady moderation.

We shall be told, perhaps, that women as a sex have the sympathetic temperament, and men the other. Is this really so? We have seen a man bent double with anguish of heart, but never a woman; and men, do they not die of grief oftener than women? are they not oftener spoiled by disappointed love? are they not strongest in the solar-plexus every way?

ARGUMENT.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—When in your notice of "Our Thought" you say that we are "content with its simple presentation," that we "do not urge you to accept it nor overwhelm you with argument," you evince a comprehension of the spirit in which our book is written that no reviewer has yet equaled. You touch a vital point of our thought.

Argument produces no permanent results, convinces no one except temporarily in the outer senses, carries nothing with it specially promotive of spiritual growth. Argument is intellectual warfare, and "might makes right" the same as in physical contests. We speak of the "weight of argument." The expression is literally correct, and the greater weight will bear down the lighter; but the greater weight is now on this side, and now on that. A discussion is simply a mental wrestling-match, won by intellectual strength, quickness, dexterity, cunning. The mental power of one contestant holds out the longest, and he is declared the victor. But the defeated one takes a rest, and a Turkish bath perhaps, and straightway new ideas and fresh arguments begin to pour into his mind. The unquenchable aspiration of the spirit and the ambition of the intellect unite to impel him to renew the contest. The victor, meantime, has been so satisfied with the result that he has been mentally listless and relaxed, so he is in turn defeated. It is only a game of see-saw.

The determination to convince people by force of argument is closely akin to, and but one step higher, than the determination to convince them by penal statute, warfare, the stake and the inquisition. To hold people by "weighty and incontrovertible argument" is to deprive them of liberty; and any thing that is deprived of its perfect freedom is always in a state of unrest, watching and waiting for the opportunity to achieve it. There is truth in the old rhyme:

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

The way out of this condition into a higher will come through the men who are strongest in debate and most capable of argument coming to see that that method does not accomplish the end desired, that they are wasting their power, throwing away their labor, and that even if any one could be convinced, it would be only of some men's opinion—not of the truth. Truth is akin to the soul, and demands *recognition.* To simply show her to us is all the assistance any third person can render. The simple, frank statement of our thought about each other to each other, in short, mutual criticism as practiced by the Oneida Community, would do more to promote our spiritual growth and the

development of true religious feeling than all the pulpit argumentation upon righteousness with which the world is so surfeited.

Any philosophical proposition or statement of truth, to be really instructive, should carry in its simple presentation its own unanswerable argument. It should be expressed because of the fullness of thought within —as hidden reservoirs burst forth in springs—not for any special effect, without feverish desire or design, with trust in its own inherent power to accomplish its legitimate result. Such thought is a fountain of flowing water, from which each may drink for himself according to his need. Let us surround ourselves with these pure fountains of thought that spring up spontaneously in the human soul; for when we have done so the essential equality—the *brotherhood* of all men will be recognized.

Personally, I feel that I have no right, in justice to myself or other people, to try to convince them by *argument* that my opinion is right. If I do so I do not accord to them the same freedom I desire for myself, and that is not being as true to myself as I wish to be. Now I believe that when all men recognize this, the dawn of perfect freedom, of perfect Communism, will appear.

G. W. Keith, M. D.

Stoughton, Mass.

STORIES OF POVERTY.

[It is good for the rich to see just what the poor have to go through. We have gathered from the members of the Oneida Community some narratives of pre-communistic experiences which we propose to present under the above title. Besides illustrating the distresses that are common among ordinary and "respectable" poor folks, these stories prove what we have often said of the O. C.—that it is not a select society of well-to-do people, but an average slice of humanity, in which all classes are represented and where the rich and the poor meet in equal comfort.]

XVII.

MRS. R.'S STORY.

My parents were living in Essex Co., N. Y., at the time of my birth, and were very poor. I was born in 1834, and there were many mouths to feed before I came, there being eleven children besides myself. When I was three years old my parents moved to St. Lawrence Co., leaving me in the care of one of mother's sisters, who was childless and in very comfortable circumstances. There I remained four years, when, aunt and uncle having joined the Mormons, my parents came and carried me home. Then began my first knowledge of poverty. I well remember the plain fare and other privations of those days. I do not think we ever went very hungry for any length of time; but when a dinner for seven or eight children consisted of porridge made of water thickened to the consistency of gruel, to a large pan of which was added but one pint of milk and slices of bread of an inferior quality, we received but little nutriment, and the work of digestion was soon over. When we had no milk mother would put a little sugar into the porridge, and sometimes milk would be measured out to us a teacupful apiece, with all the hasty-pudding or johnny-cake we wished. Such meals, however, were the exception. The principal articles of food on our table were bread, meat and potatoes, with little or no fruit. Apples were very plenty at my uncle's, and as I now seldom saw one, the smallest bit of peeling seemed a luxury, and I would devour it with keen relish.

When I was ten we moved to Ohio. Up to this time my attendance at school had been very irregular, and the first winter that we lived in Ohio I could not go at all on account of insufficient clothing. The next summer a meeting was to be held in the school-house, which I wished very much to attend in company with the girls and boys of the neighborhood. Mother gave me permission to go, but as I had no shoes I hesitated about appearing with the others who would be so much better dressed. However, I plucked up courage and went. The mortification which I endured was so cutting that I never attempted any thing of the kind again while I was obliged to go barefooted. I soon began working out, and was thus enabled to somewhat improve my wardrobe. My first experience at this kind of service was in the position of chore-girl to a family in the vicinity. After working several weeks I received as compensation a pair of new calf-skin shoes. I felt very proud of them, but received some reproof on returning home for not getting cow-hide instead.

Soon after I was thirteen, a brother of mother's came to our house to get one of the older girls to nurse one of his children. As the others were away from home he concluded to take me, promising that I should have a good chance to go to school. Eight weeks, however, was the extent of my schooling that year, as my services were required in the housework; but my wardrobe was made quite comfortable, so that I went home comparatively well clothed. I attended school but little after that, as (with the exception of a siege with the ague when fourteen) I worked out, at various places, most of the time until I was twenty-one. I remember one situation as particularly hard. I was employed by a woman whose husband was a sailor and was gone from home most of the time, so that in addition to the care of the house I had a great deal of outdoor work to do. There were two horses, two cows, forty or fifty sheep and a number of pigs which had to fed and looked after, and as my mistress was within a short time of her confinement, most of the labor devolved on me.

In the fall of 1854 I became acquainted with a man by the name of B——, who was what was popularly termed liberal-minded—being a reader of works on Phrenology, Physiology, Hydropathy, Mesmerism and Spiritualism. He was also anti-slavery, anti-whiskey, tea and coffee. I had become somewhat infected with the reform notions of the day, and I thought a person who professed such principles as he did must be indeed a model man. I will not dwell upon our courtship, but merely say that in the latter part of the following summer we were married. Although my husband had been brought up in comfortable circumstances, all the property he possessed was a chest of carpenter's tools and fifty dollars in money, while I had only a feather-bed which mother had given me; but we were young and strong, and set out for Iowa with high anticipations of earning a home and a comfortable share of this world's goods. After living for a short time with my brother we began housekeeping by ourselves in a little room, twelve by fourteen feet, in which we had our bed, an old cook-stove and all our possessions.

The next spring my husband went farther north into a small settlement, where he bought a five-acre lot and obtained some work at his trade, leaving me to follow him a few weeks later as opportunity offered. The man who transported our goods lost one parcel containing a considerable part of my clothing, which I sadly missed, and when I reached the new place I found I had come too soon, as Mr. B. had no house for me to live in, and there seemed to be no likelihood of his obtaining one; but at last he procured the privilege of occupying a small building not even partly finished, for it was hardly more than begun. There was a frame, half of which was sided up and partly covered by a roof; a window-frame, but no sash; a loose floor of rough boards, and planks put up endwise to partition off the part which the roof covered, leaving a space for a doorway. We tacked a piece of cotton cloth to the window-frame, hung a blanket at the doorway and moved in. Here in this open place, about a month after our arrival, my first child was born. A kind neighbor took charge of the baby for a few days; but aside from that and some attention Mr. B. paid me I had no care. At the end of a week I commenced work, but was very weak, and did not get strong for months. I had no chance to weave the pretty fancies with which most women love to surround their first-born. My cradle was a common bushel-and-a-half basket, filled with a quilt and a pillow so that the baby could lie on the top; then under one side of the basket I placed a round stick so that I could easily jog it enough to keep the child asleep, and, very fortunately for me, my little girl did sleep most of the time. The only chair I ever had for her was one made from an old nail-keg by sawing off half the staves in the middle and putting in a seat.

Mr. B. commenced building a shanty on our five-acre lot, but the cold weather came on before it was finished. Our house was so cold that I was taken sick, and we were obliged to depend on the charity of one of our neighbors for shelter. They were already cramped for room, and had it not been for their large hearts they never could have taken us in. When our shanty was finished I had sufficiently recovered to be taken to it, though I was far from strong. The snow was quite deep, and a sled drawn by oxen was the only available conveyance; but as our place was only three-quarters of a mile distant we were soon there. Things looked indescribably dreary, for the snow had sifted through the cracks in the roof, covering the floor and bed to the depth of about three inches. When Mr. P., the man with whom we had been staying, saw the situation, he insisted that we should spend the night at the nearest neighbor's. We did so, but returned next day. We were now situated on the open prairie, and our shanty was a poor protection from the wind and snow with the mercury at twenty degrees below zero. We had only a small cook-stove, which was quite insufficient to warm the room, and we suffered a great deal from the cold. Water would remain frozen on the floor for two weeks at a time not two yards from the stove. My cradle was now a dry-goods box on which were nailed some rude rockers. This I would tip up before the stove and place the baby in it so that she might get as much heat as possible without being burned; but in spite of my efforts the little creature suffered from cold, and one bitter day I had to run with her to the neighbor's to keep from freezing.

When spring opened Mr. B. concluded that he was tired of a home on the prairie, and so went in search of a place still farther north. Having found a small farm in Minnesota, just across the Iowa line, he commenced building a log-house, and then came back for me. Here we had to "rough it" in good earnest. We set up our stove outdoors, and used it there until the house was sufficiently finished to put it inside. The roof and floor were of straw, so that you can imagine there was no end of dirt and wet during the frequent rains. The straw roof was such a miserable protection that for three nights in succession we were as thoroughly drenched as though lying in a wet-sheet pack.

Within a few months after our marriage all my romantic ideas about my husband were completely dispelled. He was far from being what my fond imagination pictured him. I found him to be very profane, extremely selfish, a poor calculator and a great pleasure-seeker. He really had few traits that could command my respect. If he had had half the energy which many men would have had in similar circumstances there would have been no need of our living in such wretchedness. I longed to enjoy a brief respite in the society of those more congenial, and resolved to visit my brother who lived about ninety miles distant. I accordingly put my baby into her home-made cart one day in September and set out on foot. I walked eight miles the first day, fording the Shelrock river, which was only about two feet deep, but quite broad. The next day I walked twenty miles, but had an opportunity to ride the remainder of the way.

Having finished my visit, I returned home to prepare for winter. Cold weather came on very rapidly, and as our house was still partly uncovered we had to resort to every expedient to keep from freezing. We were finally obliged to put our bed into the cellar on top of the potatoes, reconciling ourselves to the situation by thinking that we should protect them from the frost; but in this we were disappointed, as they were soon frozen solid. When the roof was finished Mr. B. went to M—— to dispose of our farm there. When he returned he brought with him a yoke of oxen and a peddler's wagon—about as poor an investment as he could possibly have made at that time of year. We had no barn for the oxen, and as they were used to warm stables the only alternative was to take them into the house to keep them from freezing, and this we did. After a few days we managed to furnish shelter for them elsewhere.

Our diet was very unwholesome that winter. Mr. B. traded the corn for a quantity of smutty wheat, and for months our food consisted of bread made from smutty wheat or musty meal and beans, with no butter, meat or milk. In the following summer I gave birth to a boy, whose constitution was very delicate and ill-adapted to cope with the many hardships we were called to endure.

In the spring of 1860 Mr. B. decided to move again, and we accordingly went to Missouri, where I suffered intensely on account of my husband's ill-treatment of the boy. He always seemed to dislike the little fellow, while I, on the contrary, felt more than usual tenderness toward him on account of his patient, affectionate disposition notwithstanding his delicate health. The child had been ailing for several days in the fall, when one afternoon I was asked to go and see a sick neighbor who lived about a mile away; so I left him with his father and went. I had not been at the sick woman's house more than half an hour when my husband came in. He said he had left the child asleep, but an unaccountable anxiety came over me regarding him, so that I could hardly endure to remain a moment longer. I declined to stay to dinner, and hastened home alone as fast as I could. My husband, however, overtook me before I reached the house, and made a few remarks about the child which only increased my fears concerning him, though I said nothing. As we entered the door Mr. B. pointed to the mattress on the floor and said, "The boy has no clothes on; perhaps you had better dress him." I went immediately to his pallet, and taking up the child who had just awakened, I was shocked and cut to the heart to find his poor little back and limbs covered with black-and-blue bruises from the hand of his angry father. I just clasped my darling in my arms and wept over him with a breaking heart, too grieved to say a word. "Now I wouldn't make a fool

of myself and the young one too," said Mr. B. unfeelingly; and yet I have always thought he feared to return alone to the house lest he should find the boy dead. The little creature was never well again, and within three weeks we laid him in his grave.

I now made up my mind that I could live no longer with my husband, and told him my resolution to return to my parents. He made no objection, and set about settling up his business. He sold what property we owned for twenty dollars, of which he gave me ten, and took his departure a week after the death of the child. I found after he had gone, that he had left the funeral expenses for me to pay, so that I had but a small sum left for the expenses of my journey to Ohio. I, however, started for home with my little girl, then four years old, determined to rely on Providence for the means to reach my destination; and my trust was justified, for I found many kind friends who helped me so generously that I was better off at the end of my journey than at the beginning. I never saw Mr. B. again, but occasionally heard from him. He joined the army when the war broke out, and died soon after. He showed a spark of honor which I little expected, for he left word with a faithful friend that in case of his death his property was to be given to me, so that what I received at that time made me far more comfortable than I ever was while living with him. I found a good situation as housekeeper where I remained several years. In 1865 I made another venture in married life, and was this time blessed with success. We began poor, but Mr. R. was a good, industrious man, and we were steadily prospered, and lived in harmony and increasing religious unity.

AMERICAN COMMUNITIES.

"The earth shall blossom as the rose, and men shall yet dwell in peace, prosperity, and happiness."

From the Republican Chronicle, London, Eng.

Silent and inevitable revolutions are passing over civilized society, both in the Old World and in the New. The inventive powers of men of mechanical genius are developing vast facilities of production, and, at varying intervals, creating redundant stores of wealth which paralyze the progress of trade. Capital ceases to secure its accustomed gains, and the workman stands with idle hands, ready to compete with his fellow-workman for leave to toil. Excess in manufactures is the precursor of poverty and starvation.

It was long held that the prosperity of the people of America was owing to the sparseness of the population and the abundance of land. Others attributed their prosperity to their political constitution and democratic institutions. But these views are controverted by the fact, that hundreds of thousands of men are without employment, vast numbers tramping the country asking in vain for work, or for bread, while their families are starving. Pauperism is the specter that startles the politician. The railway strikes, and the death of ten of the rioters, is one of the lessons of the new revelation. Democracy governs the political platform, but a new "Social Labor Party" aspires to "enable the government to control all the resources of trade." While this new phase is seeking to mold public opinion, it is fortunate that another social revolution has been at work for nearly a century, and has found its historian in a work on *American Communities*, by Mr. W. A. Hinds. An early impression of this exceedingly interesting book has just come to hand, and reveals the fact of a marvelous revolution silently at work among the Socialists of the New World.

The author gives an account of more than twenty-seven different Communities which he visited in the course of the year 1876, and clearly establishes the fact, that what was mere theory in Plato's Republic and Sir Thomas More's Utopia is now a hard and practical verity and well-sustained conclusion, namely, that individual possession of property is not essential to industry and the successful prosecution of complicated commercial enterprises. The author clearly proves by undoubted facts that great economical advantages arise from enlarged homes and communal life.

It is made clear that middle-men and mere consumers may be transformed into useful producers of wealth, to their own advantage and the gain of all.

The history of these Communities reads like a romance of real life, showing that the most beneficent changes have been realized without any government control, or the least violent action. The author gives a mass of facts worthy of the attention of students of Sociology. It is to be regretted that there is no history of social progress in Europe. The little that has been done is recorded under focal distortion. If Sociology is a science, its advocates seem to surround it with so many adverse influences that it appears impracticable and impossible: and yet here we have an impartial witness who has seen the marvels he describes, and who shows that a number of poor people, by the simple act of united efforts and a common faith, surrounded by severe trials and depressing difficulties, ultimately succeeded in realizing great wealth, freedom, and happiness. The author points to the religious bias of many of the societies who attribute their prosperity to direct providential influence. We can only deal with the tangible results, and but briefly with these, as the genesis of a social phenomenon well worthy of unprejudiced investigation.

The author indicates what he considers defects in some of the societies. Intense religious enthusiasm has been the distinguishing characteristic of the Shakers. They are held to be the first social architects of modern times. Their success has encouraged every effort at Communism in America and in Europe. The adoption of celibacy might seem essential in their days of struggling adversity. The system compels them to recruit their numbers from widows, orphans and persons in needy conditions. Orphans, as a rule, are the offspring of feeble constitutions. These, on leaving the Community, give birth to those of the like conditions. Celibacy will be set aside by reason and nature. Those Communities where marriage prevails under wise regulations are as prosperous as the celibates.

The author is enthusiastic in his description of the order, wealth and neatness of the Shakers. There are 2,400 members in their Societies, who are the owners of landed estates to the extent of 100,000 acres. They have large herds of cattle, numerous flocks of sheep, extensive fields of grain and other produce, besides large manufactories of various kinds.

Amana is another successful example of Communism. Some 1,600 people, mostly of the middle class, live in comfort and happiness, each and all sure of an abundance of all the essentials of existence. They have seven Villages and own from 25,000 to 30,000 acres of land. They live in peace without police, lawyers or sheriff. They have no paupers except from the outer world. The Amana Villages have a common fund. When the trade of one prospers, all share the benefits.

Oneida is a still more striking illustration of social union. From a photograph of their new building, their dwellings are more like palaces than the homes of working people. They are in a style of architecture quite equal to the best mansions in Victoria Street, Westminster. Their room for their daily family assemblies and music hall is 70 feet by 30 feet. These people cultivate Art, Science, and Education. They have medical men, lawyers, and ministers among the members. At a few miles distance they have a summer retreat, and are successful in various departments of trade and manufacture.

I must refer the reader to the book, and simply state the conclusion from the evidence, divested of all superfluous enthusiasm, which clearly sustains the conviction that the people will yet be organized in industries, the results of which they will enjoy, and will dwell in palaces with convenient appointments and luxurious surroundings. And that Socialism will realize harmonized social life, giving perfect liberty, security, and happiness to each and to all, with complete justice, order, and happiness for the whole of the community.

E. T. C.

Hammersmith.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Mrs. Tilton says that Mr. Beecher *did.*

Iron telegraph poles voted for New York City.

Great Tweed is dead. They all speak his praises now.

The New York School for Nurses has graduated thirteen pupils.

The *New York Tribune* yielded a net profit of $40,000 last year.

Joseph Cook's ideas on marriage are not so different from those which lead to free love.

The proud Europeans don't have such high-toned cranberry sauce and turkey as we do.

A little gardening in the spring goes a great way with a sedentary man's back and things.

Austria does not propose to protect the interests of Europe single-handed; and England can not.

The State Department has bowed to President Diaz and said, "We see that you are the governor of Mexico."

"A man in fur is a noble animal," said the teamster in a buffalo overcoat when he looked into a mirror at the depot.

Mr. Fernando Wood claims that his new tariff bill, if made a law, will add $9,633,645 to what the revenue was last year.

Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles Joseph Francois Murat dead; son of the great Murat; was born at Milan, May 16, 1803.

Tennyson got $1,575 for his ballad recently published in *The Nineteenth Century*—and it was not a great price for him.

General Maceo, the leader of the Cuban insurgents, demands the immediate abolition of the crime of slavery in that island.

The superintendence of the female departments in the public institutions of Massachusetts will hereafter be in the hands of women.

The House of Representatives now has a Confederate General—General Field—for its Door-Keeper. Benjamin F. Butler did his best to shield the Republicans from such a state of things, but he could not help them.

The new silver certificates were expected to be ready for issue on the 10th. The mint has coined $1,500,000 since the passage of the silver bill.

The French Republicans are still strengthening themselves. They have just elected their men in fourteen districts in which the Deputies had ordered new elections.

The New York Assembly has approved, by a vote 75 to 30, a resolution ordering biennial sessions of the Legislature. Is that a sign that they are tired and want to go home?

The lumbermen of Northern New York have had a poor winter—not much snow to help them sled their logs to the streams, and no freshets to drive their logs to the mills.

The *New York Tribune* sent 224,463 pounds of printed papers through the mails for the last quarter ending Mar. 31—five tons more than any other daily paper in that city.

Secretary Sherman has made a contract with the Syndicate to take $10,000,000 in 4½ per cent. bonds to be paid for in gold. The Syndicate has the option of taking $40,000,000 more.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has had a revival at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard, the original *St. Clair* and *Topsey*, are as popular as they were twenty-five years ago.

California has been having a splendid rainy season—as she always should in winter, and now she is in high hopes of a great harvest—wheat on the prairies lying between snow-capped mountains, and gold washed down into the gulches.

The *Tribune* is no longer printed on huge cylinder presses as big as a barn. It now uses "Hoe's Great Double-Web Perfecting and Folding Machine"—5 feet high, 6 feet wide and 24 feet long, (including the folder.) It can deliver 18,000 papers an hour folded for mailing.

The beer-drinkers, the Pennsylvania neighbors, the sausage-eaters, the turtle soupers, the tobacco smokers, and the literary fellers, have each and all given Bayard Taylor such a prolonged and vigorous send-off we fear he will go over to Germany tired to death and smelling like a red herring.

The Rev. T. Veeragavara Roy, Canada, calls himself a converted Brahmin "from India's coral strand." As a Christian he is not a success. He has a passion for bigamy and things which don't belong to him, and so got arrested at Coburg, Ont., while lecturing on the deep things of Hindoo religion.

Secretary Thompson has issued an order to the commanders of all the United States men-of-war in the South Pacific to seize American vessels engaged in the Coolie trade, and take them to the most convenient port in the United States, and deliver them to the United States Marshal of that district to be dealt with according to law.

The latest plan to facilitate legislation is to have two separate rooms for the House of Representatives; one for debate and the passage of bills—there must must be no whispering or talking, or putting up of the feet in that school; the other chamber will be devoted to noise and letter-writing, just as it is now. This is the plan of Mr. Abram C. Hewitt, and it looks well enough to have a fair trial.

The President has the care of the country on his hands: those Repulican Senators and Congressmen have the care of their party on theirs. They would like to fight the President, but they are fearful that he is popular with the people. They can't go before the country on any aspect of the financial question. They are in great straits for a battle-cry for the fall elections, and still they have named a committee to lead the campaign.

"There are nations," says Secretary Sherman, "like England, which have steady apparent balances of trade against them, yet show a great prosperity. But that is only the product of English money invested in foreign places and colonies; it is an apparent purchase, but really their own harvest. No nation that is greatly in debt, as we are, can observe real balances of trade overwhelmingly against us and not feel alarmed."

The Senate, April 9, passed by more than a two-thirds' vote the Judiciary bill, or, as it is popularly called, the Thurman bill, providing that the Pacific railroads shall create a sinking-fund to discharge their indebtedness to the Government of the United States. There is every assurance that this bill will become a law. The only fear is that those rapacious companies will raise their prices, and thereby make the public pay their great indebtedness.

The Ways and Means Committee has got so far as to vote for a restoration of the income tax: a tax of two per cent. on all net incomes over $2,000 and less than $5,000; three per cent. on incomes of $5,000, and less than $10,000, and four per cent. on all higher incomes. The old income tax, with its varying percentages from year to year, gave a revenue as follows: 1864, $20,294,733; 1865, $32,050,017; 1866, $72,982,160; 1867, $66,014,429; 1870, $37,775,872; 1872, $14,436,861.

It has been decided by the Treasury Department that there is no just ground for what are called the Gettysburg

claims, that is, for claims made on account of the occupation of certain fields and buildings before and during the battle. "Such losses are a part of the accidents and incidents of war, and the Government is no more bound to repair them than to indemnify citizens against destruction by flood, fire or earthquake." The Constitutional rule, that "private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation," is not applicable here.

You will observe that in regard to times for eating, literary men in the old country don't fall into the ruts which have been worn so deep by hod-carriers in their struggle for existence. Sainte-Beuve's day was divided nearly as follows: "Work from 6 to 8, then a cup of coffee; then work again till 11; then the very moderate breakfast; then a walk to the public library, there he stayed till 4; then a walk back to the frugal dinner; then work again till 11; no visitors admitted. On Saturday evening he allowed himself to go out, and on Sunday a friend who called would be admitted."

The people of West Granby, Conn., have a great many old apple orchards. They make cider-brandy to sell. That crabbed drink has come to be the support of the morals and the emotional life of that town. The Rev. W. E. Thompson, the methodist minister, proposed to have a different inspiration for his church, and when he proceeded to discipline some of his brandy-makers, he found that he was tampering with the frame-work of society in that place, and things came tumbling about his head. The independent brandy-makers own their meeting-house, and have shut their door against the pastor.

It is reported that the English Government has occupied the Samoan Islands. If that is so the United States will have a job of diplomacy on hand, for they had just concluded a treaty for the possession of Samoa. These Islands lie 14° south of the Equator, 170° west longitude, immediately in the track of the Australian steamers from the Pacific Coast, and fifteen days from San Francisco, in whose markets the rich fruits of Samoa are frequently accessible. The people of these islands have hitherto traded with the English and Germans, but they have lately discovered that they can buy more cheaply in California.

The National party seems to work in many places through secret societies. Its victories this spring are somewhat surprising. "In Michigan," says the *Graphic*, "thirty-one counties which gave Hayes a popular majority of 11,500, elected Supervisors as follows in the spring of 1877: Republicans, 380; Democrats, 245; Nationals, 20. At the spring election of 1878 the following is the result: Republicans, 264; Democrats, 200; Nationals, 168." It will be remembered that the Know Nothing party sprang into existence through the exertion of secret societies, and with little or no conspicuous help from the press. "Where ish dat barty now?"

It is the Yung Wings that bear the world upward and onward. Thus we thought when told that the Chinese Government is maintaining in the city of Hartford, at an annual expense of $100,000, a school where more than a hundred Chinese boys are going through an educational course that is to last fifteen years. All this is the work of Young Wing, a Chinaman, who was graduated at Yale College the first of any from his country, and who went back to China, but could not think of any thing till he had fulfilled his dream of founding such a school in America. This, after a world of obstacles, he has at last accomplished. Pluck and enterprise are not wholly indigenous to the Anglo-Saxon, you will see.

The diplomatists are still wrangling over the treaty of San Stefano. War seems less imminent; there is even a prospect that there will be a Congress after all. Turkey has issued a circular giving notice that she acquiesces in the terms of the treaty. Gortschakoff's reply to England is masterly, though it concedes the point that the treaty is only a preliminary one. He says Russia must have those places in Armenia; it is too much trouble to have to stop and take them at the beginning of every war. England ought to have joined her in protecting the Christians, and then she would have had some right to speak about the final settlement of affairs. It is urged by the Russian that this open discussion of the treaty by the press is tantamount to a discussion by a congress. Of course the press can not make a decision that shall be final.

The Rev. E. E. Hale, who has traveled among the low-voiced women of Europe, says American women pipe up and screech when they want to make themselves heard. "I remember," says he, "at the great dining-saloon of the Bauer au Lac Hotel in Zurich, both the largest and finest dining-hall I ever saw, when five hundred people were dining at once at their different tables, I could single out my own country-women in all parts of the hall, no matter what their distance, by the shrill yell, more or less nasal, with which they summoned the waiters, ordered soup, asked for a napkin, or passed from pastry to ice-cream. Above the general roar and buzz-buzz-buzz of five hundred voices in conversation, you could distinguish the war-cry of those eight or ten American women as you distinguish signal-rockets at night above a long and dark line of entrenchments." He attributes this fault to their loud reading in the public schools when girls. Open question.

Advertisements.

SOCIALISTIC LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISMS. By John Humphrey Noyes. One vol., 8vo., 678 pages, on heavy tinted paper, bound in cloth. Price, $3.00.

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